

A NEWLY DISCOVERED RELATIVE

"You talked in your sleep the other night, John."  
"Did I dear? And what did I say?"  
"You said 'it is my aunty.' I didn't know you had one, John."

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## RUINART

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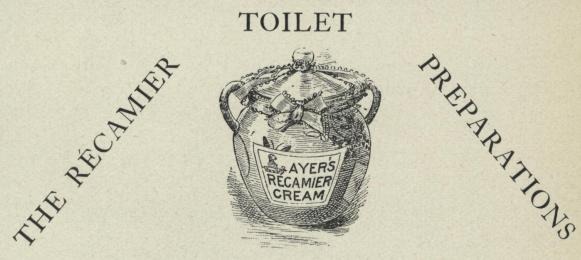
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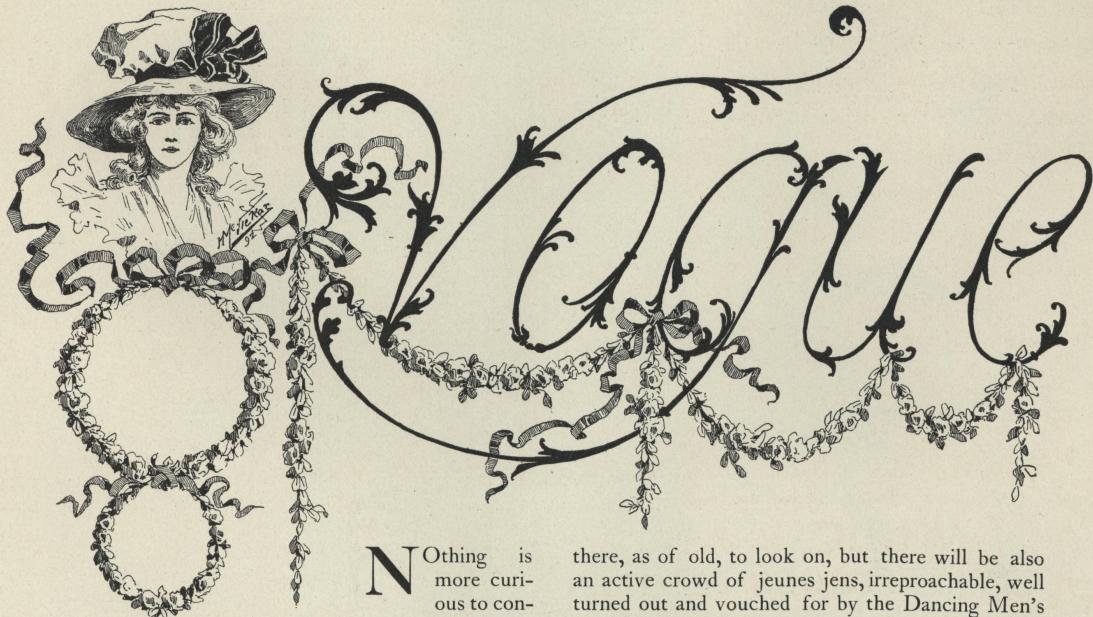
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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

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N Othing is more curious to contemplate than the way dreams have of coming true—the dreams, that is, of poets, inventors and other irresponsible persons. Every one has caught glimpses of the germs of modern inventions in Shakespearean allusions, and admired the dexterity of Walter Besant in so discerning the temper of the time, that he had but to describe a dream-scheme of philanthropy to see it fulfill itself. But, whereas, it has taken several hundred years for Shakespeare's hint to eventuate in electric telegraphy, and while Mr. Besant brought his occult powers to bear in about one-twentieth of that time, the process, judging by the rapidity of recent results, seems now to have almost reached perfection.

A few years ago a clever tale appeared, setting forth the adventures of a young man who, through stress of circumstances, sought employment as professional escort, amusement purveyor and ornamental stop-gap.

The story had a brief and not inglorious success, and in due time the idea of an amusement supply company seems to have made its way into society over-seas. It is rumored, that London hostesses can now be supplied with presentable dancing men at so much a night (per dozen?).

American ball-givers and ball-goers will, doubtless, welcome this as the most desirable of English importations. To call a social function a ball, when its chief features are a fringe of pretty but mournful blossoms, eager to dance, and crowds of perfectly dressed, bewilderingly beautiful youths who decline to dance, is a travesty. All this is now to be changed. The beautiful youths will be

there, as of old, to look on, but there will be also an active crowd of *jeunes jens*, irreproachable, well turned out and vouched for by the Dancing Men's Supply Company (Limited), whose duty it will be to dance.

Picture now the serenity of mind with which the hostess can plan her ball, merely adding an item to her list of orders (and expenses), after flowers, favors, crash, supper and—dancing men.

Imagine the contentment of the girls who love to dance—what girl does not?—in accepting an invitation with no misgivings as to the pleasure of the evening, merely a casual wonder as to whether the dancing men come from—or.

The guarantee, of course, includes small talk of a perfectly innocuous kind, from the proper method of making tea to the question of vertical or horizontal stripes on colored shirts, or a preference in college colors.

Whether the idea is destined to take in a wider range, whether on finding the dearth of dancing men satisfactorily ameliorated through the efforts of the Universal Provider, his aid may not next be invoked to mitigate the dearth of marrying men, is a question for consideration. Or, indeed, whether a danger may not lurk in this fancied boon—but no! Even without the guarantee of the Supply Co. (Limited), we may be quite sure that no really well-bred girl would be capable of flirting with the dancing man any more than with that other one in evening dress who will open the door and serve the ices.

So, as soon as we are reasonably sure that he has been adopted in London, we may welcome the professional dancing man as a solution of half the difficulties which shorten both the ball season and the lives of ball-givers.

## V O G U E

### AN INSTANCE

TROTTER : "Women have very little appreciation of anything that is really funny."

BARLOW : "I don't know about that—look at Cholly DeVoid. He seems to be very popular with some."

### DOUBLY SAFE

"Why is it, Mr. Barnes, that you are such a confirmed bachelor?"



easier to write than to read," rejoined the satirical Miss Bostone.

### MAGNIFICENT, TRULY

"Chappie's married Snip the tailor's daughter."

"Yes, and did you hear of the magnificent present Snip's professional brethren made the happy pair?"

"No."

"A full set of Chappie's unpaid tailor bills, receipted."

### FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS

"There always seems to be an atmosphere of solemnity in the Sun office."

"Yes, the people there are always thinking of the next World."

### AN IMPRESSION OF AMERICA

"I observe, sir," said the traveler to the rude Custom House Inspector, Legion by name, "I observe that you know less about manners than you do about customs."

### THE LAST RESORT

"Mary," said John, "do you love me?"

"Yes, John," said Mary.

"And you will always love me?"

"Yes."

"And if I should die, what would you do?"

"Bury you, dear," said Mary.

## V O G U E

### A BASE ADVANTAGE

An angular maiden named Ann,

Fell in love with an architect man;

But they had a big row,

And she's suing him now,

For he used her for making a plan.

### HELPING HIM OUT

"I kissed a girl one time in Rome,"

He said, and pale he grew.

"I have some views of Rome," she cried,

"Do you suppose they'd do?"

### OSTENTATIOUS CAUTION

Noorich tells me he never destroys a receipted bill."

"No. He's more likely to have 'em framed and hung in his parlor—particularly the bills for Mrs. Noorich's diamonds."

CARLETON (who stutters) : "I s-s-s-say, S-S-S-Sands, can I have half an hour with you for f-f-five minutes' conversation?"

HE : "Tell me, Clara, what's always in Vogue?"

SHE : "Why, Fashions, of course."



### ONE OF THOSE "GOOD INTENTIONS"

SILSBEE : "What is the trouble between you and that rich old Nolittle's daughter?"

BILLBOARD : "Confound my stupidity! I meant to say something nice of her ignorant old father and I remarked to her that he had made his mark. She hasn't noticed me since."

### NO OUTSIDE SCOPE

HE (fondly) : "My love has no end."

SHE (quickly) : "Hasn't it? Well, you want to make a limit mighty quick. Let it end with me, and go no further."

### A POOR SHOT

TROTTER : "Have any fun shooting?"

BARLOW : "Plenty."

TROTTER : "Get anything?"

BARLOW : "No—I can't understand it—but when the gun went off the game did the same."



CONTENT TO BE THE WINNER

I hope I have a mind above flirtations dead and past ;  
I care not who his first love was ; I'd rather be his last !

## A METROPOLITAN ROMANCE

IN TWO PARTS

Conclusion



artless pleasure, that even Vanway's case-hardened heart was touched. But he had little leisure for soft reflections. The time had come to put his fate to the touch, and even his dauntless spirit quailed before the hazards of the enterprise.

One afternoon, arriving a few minutes late at the end of the Park where they always met, he found her sitting on a bench waiting for him. It was a chill, gray afternoon, and that corner of the Park was deserted. Vanway sat down on the bench beside her, and after the greeting they were silent, feeling oppressed. Suddenly he leaned forward and took the hand lying in her lap, and pressing it, said softly, "Joanna." She turned round and looked at him, and as she looked her eyes slowly filled with tears.

"You love me?" he whispered.

She nodded.

"You will be my wife?"

She tried to murmur an assent but her lips trembled too much, and bending his head he pressed upon their roseleaf softness the kiss of the conqueror.

"You will catch cold sitting here—let's walk on," he said, after a few moments of silence.

They started out up Madison Avenue still silent. Joanna's head was high and her eyes were suffused with light. Presently Vanway said,

"What will your father and mother say?"

"I don't know," said Joanna indifferently, "I dare say they will be angry."

"I don't want to be the cause of making you unhappy," said Vanway, watching her from the corners of his eyes.

"I don't care," she said, "I don't mind anything now. Nothing could make me unhappy."

"Well, but I can't bear to think of them perhaps speaking harshly to you."

"It won't make any difference," she answered, "no matter what they say. I will tell them tonight."

"Suppose," said Vanway, with a slight huskiness in his tone—"Suppose they absolutely refuse their consent?"

"I will marry you without it," she said, "I am

of age. I don't want to hurt or disobey my parents, but everything on earth can go—" she stopped.

"Can you endure hardships with me?" he asked.

"Anything," she said, turning her face, lit with an almost solemn joy, up to his.

This was agreeable but was not just what Vanway had expected to hear.

"I am poor," he murmured, dropping his eyes in real shame.

"Oh, that!" she said with a little impatient movement of her head. "I have enough for two."

Vanway was silent, for he could not bring himself to say anything in the face of this exalted love and trust.

"I'll come up to-morrow afternoon," he said at length, "and see your parents. Then we'll have it out. And if they refuse—?"

"I will go with you," she answered.

That evening Joanna told her mother and father of her engagement. Her terror of their angry distress made her feel sick and faint. Her mouth was dry, her tongue like a piece of leather, as she answered her father's questions, which fell like the blows of a hammer:

"Who is he?"

"Percival Vanway."

"Where does he come from?"

"Somewhere in the west."

"What is his business?"

"I don't know."

"Where does he live?"

"I don't know."

She described his first meeting with her and their subsequent walks up the Avenue. The questions continued:

"How do you know that that is his real name?"

"Because he told me so."

"You believe that a man who has made your acquaintance, and courted you and asked you to marry him in the way that he has, is incapable of telling you a lie?"

"He is. And if he did tell me a lie it wouldn't make me stop loving him."

"If I prove to you that the man is a swindler and imposter will you still go on loving him?"

"Yes—I couldn't help it. It is something outside of my control."

"That all he wants is the money your grandmother left you?"

"I could not do better with my money than give it to the person I love best. He can have it all if he wants."

"This is madness. You've got to give the thing up."

"I can't. I never will."

"If I forbid it absolutely?"

"I will disobey absolutely."



"HE CAN HAVE IT ALL IF HE WANTS"

The two pale old faces looked aghast at the pale young face—the face of the daughter who had grown up at their knees and was a stranger to them.

At four o'clock the next afternoon Percival Vanway presented himself at the Gilroys' door. He had stopped at a florist's and purchased a carnation for his buttonhole, and his pale gray gloves with broad black stitching on the backs, were just from the cleaners. He carried himself with admirable



VANWAY LAID HIS CHEEK ON HER BOWED HEAD

ease and self-reliance and would have appeared quite the favored suitor, confident in the approval of the family, but for an uneasy gleam in his usually bold eyes.

He found Mr. and Mrs. Gilroy alone. If Joanna was present, she was not visibly so. The formalities over, the first questions put and answered, Vanway told his story as directly as Othello told

his. Standing upright, straight as a young pine, tall, proud, fearless, he was a man who might have captured any maiden's heart.

"Of course," he said, "I did wrong in keeping the acquaintance secret, but I was afraid that if you heard of it you might have stopped it. That I could not bear, and I continued in my error. I loved Joanna from the first day that I saw her"—a slight feminine rustle at the door revealed to his listening ear the fact of Joanna's proximity—"I tried to renew the acquaintance made at the reception—Joanna had forgotten it—in every way I could. It was impossible. She went nowhere. I took a desperate resolve and spoke to her. She trusted me, and then our acquaintance was too sweet to end, and so we loved, and yesterday I asked her to be my wife."

Here the door opened and Joanna appeared in the aperture, pale and tender-eyed. Vanway, acknowledging her presence with a bend of his head, continued his narrative. He touched lightly on his parentage, then on the poverty and privations of his youth, then passed on to his later career:

"I have been a reporter in Chicago and a lawyer's clerk in Cincinnati. I worked hard, but luck was against me. A year and a half ago my father died—he was my last surviving relative—and left me a small sum of money. Then I came to New York, hoping to get a position on one of the great dailies. But my luck was still bad, for I took sick and fell into poverty and melancholy. I am poor, I admit, but I have hands that can work"—he held out his two hands—"I am no fit match for Joanna. I admit that too. Perhaps I ought never to have aspired to her. In return for all that she gives me, I can only give her the love of an honest man's heart."

Joanna ran forward, and with a sob cast herself passionately into his arms and pressed her face down against his neck. Vanway laid his cheek on her bowed head, really stirred. The parents looked at each other hopelessly. \* \* \*

Investigation showed that the main incidents of Vanway's story were true, and in three months they were married. They have been very happy. Percival Vanway is a good husband and a model man. He has proved the truth of Becky Sharpe's statement that it is "very easy to be good on ten thousand a year." Geraldine Bonner.

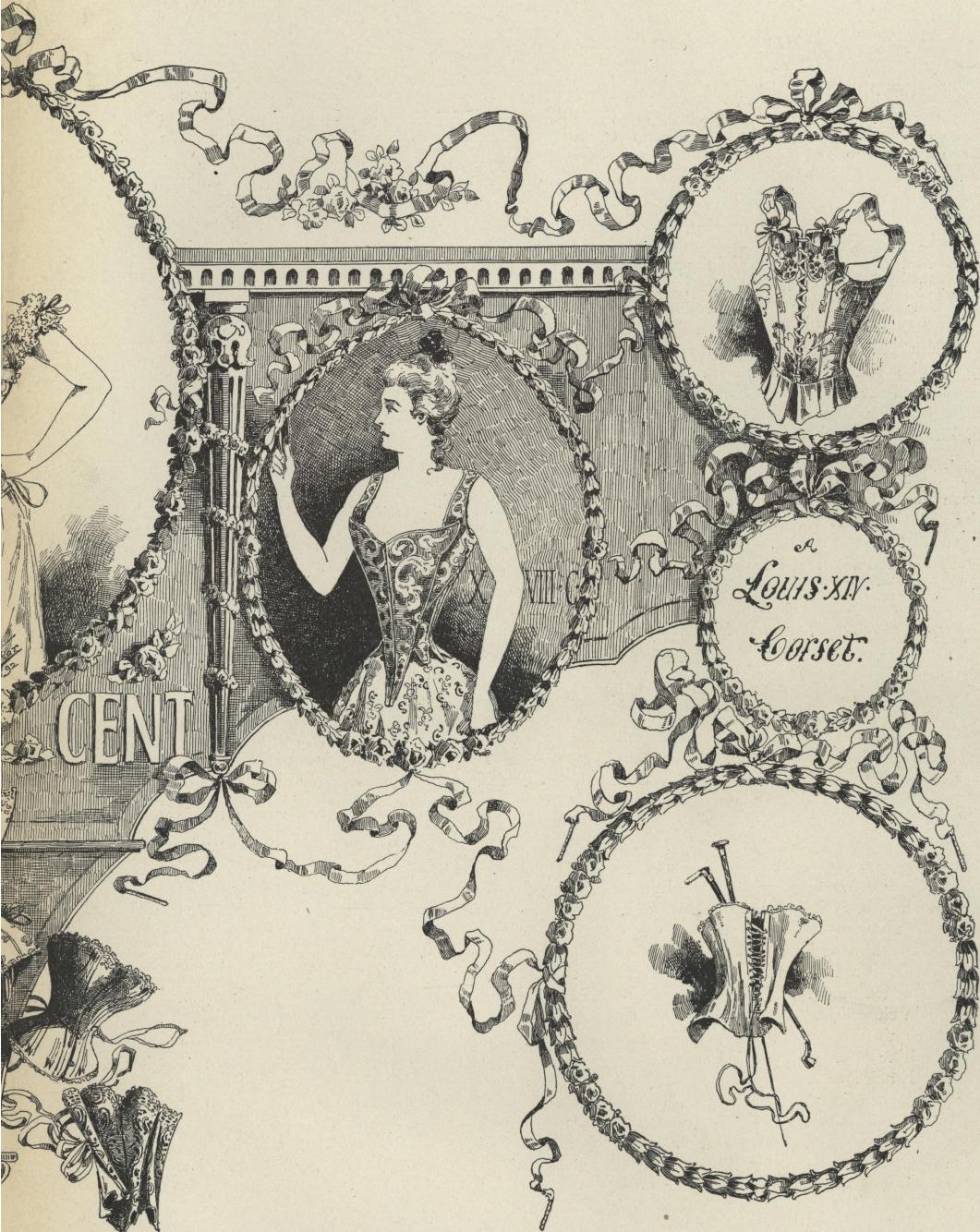




THE FOUR ACES—FOURTH SEASON—SPADES



THE ERSTWHILE IRON CORSELET IS NOW



Y CELIA'S DAINTY SILKEN GIRDLE

## OF INTEREST TO HER

**S**Urah and China silks, so much worn a few years past for underclothing, are no longer used, and fashion has returned to the beautiful and dainty creations of fine nainsook, linen cambric, or grass linen, which to be perfect must be hand wrought in every seam and finished with exquisite neatness. These, of course, are worn over delicate ribbed silk shirts of warm cream color or coral pink. The shapes for evening wear are especially well adapted for that purpose, and are finished with fine silk crochet to match the color of the garment. Some are square, others are heart-shaped, and can easily be worn with a corsage cut in those forms or with a low bodice. Occasionally these shirts are combined with nether wear, which are finished at the knees with silk crochet to match the neck. Time was when the dainty over garment of filmy cambric or linen was dispensed with by many women, but it has returned to us again in added loveliness. The coarse and cheap embellishment which distinguishes machine made garments is never seen upon those which are hand wrought, simplicity and daintiness rather than elaborateness being their chief characteristics. They are excessively fine, trimmed with real laces at the neck and sleeves. Sometimes they are confined at the waist line with dainty ribbons crossing from the shoulders and fastening behind. They follow in many respects the models of gowns that are worn above them, and are all provided with short pretty sleeves of lace or fine muslin instead of the narrow straps of a previous fashion.

The corset of the day is a lovely affair of silk brocade in pale colors or in black. It is much shorter in the waist than of late, flexible and elastic. Rows of fine lace finish it at the top and frequently a little lace flounce adorns the lower edge. The ultra-fashionable woman, however, has discarded the corset as described above, and wears a species of corselet made of soft whalebones covered with silk, and shaped with straps of elastic merely, making a flexible sort of skeleton corset which yields to the figure so that the flowing lines of the picturesque Empire gown shall not be interfered with by stiff outlines and wooden busks. Corset covers are no longer the plain close fitting waists of old, although these still have their uses, and may be made very ornamental. The new variety is a pretty facsimile of an Empire corsage, fashioned of linen cambric, lace and dainty embroidery. They are sometimes made with a wide waist-band, with surplice fronts crossing over the bust, or with a gathered piece of the nainsook or muslin above the corselet shaped waist-band, which is gathered in around the neck and shoulders with baby ribbon, making a perfectly fitting and graceful under-waist. These low-necked corset covers are for evening wear. Under street gowns and with home toilettes,

the corset cover is high in the neck, trimmed with fine tuckings and other pretty needlework. There are long sleeves to these with embroidered and lace trimmed cuffs.

Night robes are very picturesque. They are made of French nainsook, fine in quality, and are often gathered upon round or square yokes made of lace insertion and needlework or fine tucks. A frill of lace four inches or more in depth outlines the yoke and goes over the shoulders. The robe is sometimes gathered in at the waist with a shirring into which a pale pink, blue or lilac ribbon is run. A similar ribbon fastens the collar (a simple ruffle of lace), at the throat. As a rule there is little trimming upon the skirts of night robes. A deep hem with a few tucks above is the ordinary finish. Pretty little silk gowns to put on over the night robe are part of every lady's toilette. They are made of China silk, or of surah, and trimmed with lace as a rule. They do not usually take the place of night robes although some ladies wear them over a plain thin gown. They come in pale lovely shades and are tucked, feather-stitched and made with every dainty device known to needle-women.

It is pleasant to know that even in the plainer, cheaper underwear there is less gaudy ornamentation, less cheap lace, fewer coarse insertions; and that finer quality in linen and cambric is sought after rather than showy decoration. Negligé sacques of cashmere or silk are valuable additions to a lady's wardrobe. When obliged to lie in bed during the day these sacques are easily slipped on over the night robe and have a pretty, dressy effect. Some especially lovely ones are of pale lilac or pink cashmere with full sleeves ending in a cuff of embroidery. A full collar of embroidery or lace, finished with a ruche of lace at the top and tied with a ribbon bow in front makes a pretty finish. The collar is wide, and frequently extends to the shoulder. It is adjustable, as are the cuffs, and may be taken off and freshened when desirable. Many of these sacques are charming creations of silk, lace and ribbon, with tucked yokes, feather-stitched, or with plain yokes overlaid with lace or embroidery, or with the full frill as described above.

Matinées, which are long robes of silk or wool frilled with lace, are delightful for invalids to "sit up" in. They are usually lined with silk, and trimmed with lace around the throat and down the fronts. The most delicate colors are used for these gowns, although cream white is the favorite, the lace usually matching in tint.

In no article of underwear is more luxury, more elaboration shown than in the petticoat, which is made of silk, satin, or of the nainsook or linen which forms the rest of the suit. For street wear, satin and silk petticoats are universal, and they are flounced with lace, stitched by hand in tiny tucks, lengthwise, from the short yoke until nearly to the

VOGUE



LEFT IN CUPID'S CARE

foot, where they are allowed to fall in a lace trimmed flounce.

Street petticoats are frequently made of black taffeta, striped with satin in different colors. A simple petticoat is made of black taffeta with pale blue stripes. On the bottom of the skirt is an eight inch flounce of pale blue satin, covered with black lace of the same width. A black satin skirt, with pink or yellow flounce similarly covered, is very pretty. For evening wear, the petticoat is a thing of beauty, made of pale tinted silks, trimmed with lace ruffles, headed by ruchings of pinked out silk, or satin ribbons with knots and ends falling at intervals all around the flounces. This year they are made with more fullness than usual, and frequently with several inside flouncings, so as to distend the edge and give to the gown the widening effect that is so distinctive of the last mode.

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The voluminous sleeves belong more to the Restoration period than to the Empire, and their quaint prettiness is enhanced by the lovely materials of which they are composed. Although the bodice of the present rather partakes of the Empire style than that of other periods, it is not yet made so short as to be ungraceful, or to present too great a contrast to other styles.

Some of the new sleeves have a puffed top reaching to the elbow, from whence they hang long and straight. Others are joined at the elbow by narrow wrinkled sleeves of lace reaching to the knuckles. The very high shoulder puffs are no longer seen, although there is often great fullness at the shoulder. Width, with a sloping effect, is aimed at now, and the awkward bunch upon the top of the sleeve raising the shoulder to a level with the ears has passed away, it may be hoped forever.

A lovely bodice worn with a bell-shaped skirt of pale pink bengaline, has a low folded corsage of pink chiffon and a broad wrinkled girdle of black velvet with narrow bretelles widening into deep wings which fall over the wide puffed sleeves of pink bengaline. Butterfly bows of black velvet are perched upon each shoulder.

Corselet bodices are worn still, but the long points both front and back have disappeared so as to conform to the reigning fashion of shorter waists. They are no longer seen with shoulder straps, although bretelles cut into wings upon the shoulders are a favorite addition. A new bodice is a short Directoire with immense cape-like bretelles, which is worn over a longer waisted corsage matching the skirt. It is generally of velvet, and takes the place of a jacket. A most becoming bodice for evening wear is one cut away in the neck, and surrounded by a ruffle or collar as it is sometimes called, of velvet to match the fabric of the gown. This is very effective.



AS SEEN BY HIM

I Fall into quite a sentimental and poetic turn of mind at times, generally when I am alone, sitting at the club window, during one of the mauvais quarts d'heure of my existence. At these times, I glide gradually into a train of thought, philosophize, and at moments, like the dying Falstaff, I begin to babble mentally of brooks, of flowers and of fields. Westchester with its shady lanes and sudden reaches of water and dim shores beyond; Long Island with moors (so to speak), and heather, and sandy dunes, and white winged ships on faint green seas in the background; New Jersey with its mountains and wild landscapes. However, I must confess, I do not become enthusiastic for any but the most limited period, over the beauties of landscape. I am too much of a cosmopolite. I fear I am blasé in the way of scenery, except when it is on canvas or forms the background to Ada Rehan, Miss Cayvan or the flimsy tulle of the Black Crook ballet. I was in the Yosemite three days when I prayed for the welcome jingle of a tram and the civilizing influence of Delmonico. Westchester reminds me more of hospitable houses and the Country Club, where one can dine well and in comfort in the yellow salle à manger; and Long Island, of Hempstead, and Cedarhurst and Meadowbrook and hunt breakfasts and extremely good claret—I shall always remember that La Rose 1872 at Far Rockaway—and New Jersey has its Tuxedo.

But all this and the passing panorama of Fifth Avenue before me, bring to my mind most forcibly, man's best friend in the animal kingdom—the horse; especially as he is visible bodily, and of all sorts and conditions. As Lent approaches, I have joined a riding class—just as I had the St. Nicho-

las Club, skating, a theatre and the Vaudeville clubs earlier in the season—because, to use a market as well as a domestic expression—"they are in."

I am looking forward to rides in Central Park and even in secluded country roads, when the swallows come home and the trees put on their new spring frocks. I shall also at that time wear my riding suit—which my man has just carefully brushed and pressed for me. In fact, I have two; because one cannot wear the same rig in town as in the country. For the city, that is, the Park, I always wear ordinary trousers with straps which come under my walking shoes and keep the garment in place. With this a black diagonal cutaway coat, black waistcoat and a tall hat. My gloves are white kid stitched with black—the same kind which were once the fashion to wear with evening dress. I go into rather bright colors for my scarf, choosing one of the gay Persian patterns so popular or a cheery shade of red, the knot tied, of course, very small, and in the folds below it I fasten the silk with a tiny horseshoe pin or one of a sporting device, such as a whip or small jockey cap. Now and then at the riding class I wear whipcord trousers which terminate at the knee. On these occasions I put on my high varnished patent leather boots, the other part of the costume being similar to that previously described.

In the country I never wear a top hat, always a derby of a light brown or fawn, whipcord trousers, high boots or leggings which meet the trousers and fasten at the knee. The whipcord trousers are pieced with chevrette or chamois cloth, where the legs come in contact with the saddle. Pepper-and-salt is the most effective combination and most durable as to the pattern of the trousers.

Last spring, in the Bois, I saw many Frenchmen wearing leather protectors around the knees—a species of strap which looked as if it may have been taken from an old bit of luggage, and which, as the invention of an English tailor in the Rue St. Honoré, was hideous and useless. Young Havemeyer, at Newport, last summer, wore an ideal polo suit of white duck breeches, high varnished boots, a crimson silk shirt with a tie of the same shade, and a polo cap. Spurs are always worn, and a neat riding cap is the finishing touch to your costume for either Park or country.

A riding class is a charming Lenten amusement. Of course, there are some of us who decidedly ob-



SEEN ON THE AVENUE

ject to trotting around a tanbark ring on a treacherous animal inflamed almost to frenzy and justly by a beastly band blurring "Ta-ra-ra." We are told that the "howling swells" do not go into this kind of thing; yet there are some excellent names from society's most exclusive standpoint that join joyously in it, especially where there are several daughters to marry and jointures are not on a par with ancestry and Knickerbocker blood. Riding, at any rate, is always in the fashion. Should you take a gallop in the Park, have your groom bring your horse to one of the entrances where you can mount. Do not at any time ride horseback through the city streets. A saddle horse is like a steam train. It should be confined to the open country and to the suburbs. A crop and spurs, articles which I have forgotten to mention, are necessary to complete a horseman's outfit. I cannot give instructions on riding—I am not a riding master. I will suggest that the English saddle is the one used; the English style of gait the only à-la-mode; and whatever you do I hope you will not have occasion to exclaim with Punch's Cockney gentleman new to the hounds, going to his first meet; "Thank eaven that 'osse's manes don't grow in the same place as men's beards."

#### AT THE PLAY

**J**ohn Stetson, the theatrical manager, was gratified with the financial success of *The Crust of Society* during its run at the Union Square Theatre. He intends to bring it back to town and put it on at a Broadway theatre.

What a sameness there is about these French plays.

The adventuress trapped! How the French dramatists love to depict her. What a soft voice, what sweet simplicity of manner she has, what depths of hidden hate are revealed through the corner of her eye, what success is hers—up to the final moment! Then the pitiless demon of a dramatist claps down the lid upon her as if she were a female Jack-in-the-Box, and she is caught forever.

Alexandre Dumas, fils, has a tender regard for the adventuress, though, like all his tribe, he is pitiless at the end. His *Camille* is one of his greatest achievements. But Mrs. Echo is of quite a different type, even if she does belong to the same class. *Camille* is the idealistic, Mrs. Echo the realistic adventuress. Around Mrs. Echo clusters a small group of figures, nearly every one of whom is as real a type as she is herself. They do very little, for the plot is slight as it is old, but

this fact makes the skill of the dramatist seem the more remarkable. The *Crust of Society* is always interesting, even when, as in the earlier scenes of



the second act, it is most tame. The finesse of the last act passes beyond criticism. It is clear-cut and finished.

The moral of the play? Oh, there isn't any.



Yet it has a flavor, the flavor of the specked peaches to which Dumas characteristically compares the mixed society in which most of the prin-

cipals move. One can accept Mrs. Echo on the stage easily enough. Whether such a personage as her vulgarly guilty friend should be admitted even within the radiance of the footlights, is a question.

The dramatic event of the week was the opening of the new Empire Theatre, where, after an absence of ten months, Mr. Charles Frohman's regular stock company made its bow before a brilliant audience, in which the acknowledged leaders of fashion were largely represented.

It is reported that the Twelfth Night Club, the much-commented-upon society of young actresses, is to build a club house. Through the generosity of a wealthy patron, an ex-actress, the Club has for some time enjoyed the charm of dainty, luxuri-



ous surroundings, and it now aspires to own a club house of its own. Upon just what lines—not architectural but social—it is to be built, and whether or not it is to be restricted to maidens, report says not. Other club houses for women, both projected and already operative, are, as a rule, stringent in the matter of early in-dooring. The Twelfth Night will, in this particular, be compelled by force of circumstances to differ from its sister clubs. Miss Alice Fischer is mentioned as prominently identified with the Club. A most entertaining half hour can this young woman fill up retailing her mischievous experiences with an elderly western politician. The jolly manner in which she relates the discomfiture of the local widows at the sight of herself and the Senator driving about, is irresistibly comic.



A MATTER OF TASTE

Mrs. B.:—"I consider Mr. Jonson a very nice fellow."

Mrs. A.:—"I don't. Why he's not a bit like men who come to see me."

Mrs. B.:—"Well, that is nothing against him."

## THE UNMARRIED WOMAN AS A SOCIAL FACTOR \*

**T**He Unmarried Woman has, at length, gained a place in the received order of things. Formerly she was an unhappy episode, now she is an established reality. She asserts that she has a right to be; that her beauty—mental and moral, if not physical—is sufficient excuse for being. By concentrating her forces, she has succeeded in flinging a rather important weight into the waters of social life, and from the point of entrance little waves of influence are rippling out on every side.

It is distinctively in America that she has gained most influence socially. Here she is the right-hand staff for Charity to lean upon; far more than in the Middle Ages, when asceticism shut her in a cloister, is she now the inspirer of good works, practical as well as poetic. She is the one who has time to bring together the lover and his sweetheart, to show to husband and wife the virtues that they have forgotten existed in each other. She establishes the entente cordiale between the actor and the playwright, the author and the editor, the unemployed and the employer. She sees and develops possibilities in all—in a word, she is, at her best, the long-needed social promoter. And her own reward? Well, giving is living. In the fullness of her life she becomes, though perhaps not knowing it herself, the perfect woman nobly planned, the equal, in largeness of soul and tenderness, of the happy married woman, and the superior of the unhappy.

Some recognition of her present value is evident in late books. Eliza Chester's *The Unmarried Woman*, presents her seriously in all phases of dependence and freedom; as she appears in intellectual pursuits, in business, in arranging her own home, in choosing friends, and in developing her own character. One value of the book is its fair presentation of the truth, that love is necessary to woman's happiness, but that love baffled in the one great direction to which it naturally tends may find noble outlet in wider channels. The mistake made by the genuine old maids, whom we all abhor, is that they forget—until too late—that without love the heart withers and the mind contracts. There must exist the habit of loving, or selfish habits will be formed. "To love," says the author of *Gravenhurst*, "is the great glory, the last culture, the highest happiness; to be loved is little in comparison."

Amusingly different is *The Old Maids' Club*, which presents the Youthful Unmarried Woman in the various frivolous aspects she assumes when she attempts to be serious. The author, I. Zangwill, had a very considerable success with a somewhat similar book called *The Bachelors' Club*, and he justifies

\**The Unmarried Woman*. By Eliza Chester. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

\**The Old Maids' Club*. By I. Zangwill. With illustrations by F. H. Townsend. New York: Tait, Sons & Co.

\*Barbara Dering. By Amélie Rives. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

himself in the dangerous experiment of repetition. Both books have that cheerful Fourth-of-July aspect which make them welcome in "the severest winter known to the oldest inhabitant." Mr. Zangwill seems, indeed, to have at command as constant a succession of jokes, puns, and curious antitheses, as the small boy has of fire-crackers on our national fête-day. The perpetual detonations are tiresome or delightful according to the liking for this kind of noise. His introduction, however, is really clever, a model for those who delight in prefatorial iniquities. Here it is: *The Reader, My Book; My Book, The Reader*.

The Club takes origin from a young and beautiful woman's determination to refuse the man whom she loves because she can prove, by a series of logical deductions according to Laplace, Pascal and other mathematical celebrities, that the chances are six thousand to one against his selecting her to fall in love with. It has for definite object the depolarization of the obnoxious term, old maid. A requisite of membership is that all women shall be young and beautiful, and guarantee to remain so, and shall have refused at least one advantageous offer of marriage. The candidates are many, and varied are their tales of woe, but none are eligible. The natural finale, therefore, is—*matrimonium et præterea nihil*. In furnishing the club-room, the fair president resorts to the quaint device of having epigrams like the following woven upon all the antimacassars. Wedding dresses are webs. Marriage is a lottery; every wife does not become a widow. Wrinkles are woman's marriage lines; but when she gets them her husband is no longer bound. The woman who believes that her husband loves her is capable of believing that she loves him. Marriages are made in heaven, but old maids go there.

In construction and in style the book may be described as sort of elderly Alice in Wonderland.

Quite indirectly, the unmarried woman receives encouragement to remain so, in a recent popular novel. By contrast with the two married women who herein compare notes, the selfish old maid of the past and the frivolous young maid of the present are sensible and charming entities. Barbara Dering is, of course, a sequel to *The Quick or the Dead*, and, not of course, in the sequel as in the beginning, Barbara mistakes fretfulness for feeling, and looks upon propriety as priggishness.

Anent the marriage relation, she and her friend have certainly much to say, but their discussions do not help materially to solve that complicated problem. Those who write, as well as those who read, may find the truest solution in a principle of ethics laid down recently by Professor Bowne; Marriage, like all other human institutions, shares in the imperfections of humanity. For perfect marriages we need perfect men and women. Until we get them, marriage will be relatively imperfect.

# VOGUE SUPPLEMENT

JANUARY 28, 1893

## SOCIETY

The incessant round of gayety—luncheons, teas, dinners, dances and suppers, not to mention sleighing and skating, is beginning at last to tell upon the young men and maidens. The fact that the season is a short one makes the pace so fast and furious, for the world says we may rest when Lent begins. One marked feature of fatigue is the unrestrained criticisms on all the entertainments.

The Muscale given last week by Miss de Forest and Miss Callender at their delightful apartment, Seventy-second Street and Madison Avenue, was thronged by the guests who, knowing that Wolff and Hollman were to play, assembled themselves together in large numbers. The musical treat furnished by the fair hostesses was beyond criticism. It must be because people are tired that they object to sitting so long in one place, for, as a guest remarked, "I did get so tired just sitting in the midst of a row of camp chairs with only my husband beside me, had it not been for the exquisite music I should have been far more comfortable at home." Still, in spite of adverse criticism, the chances are, the fair hostesses will find their drawing-room as thronged again on Friday, where it is said Paderewski is to play.

Last Saturday Mr. Nathaniel Gibbs Ingraham, who has been said to be the "link" between Mr. Ward McAllister and Mr. Oliver Sumner Teall, gave a reception at the Hotel Brunswick for his sister, Miss Ingraham. Mrs. Elisha Dyer and Mrs. de Ruyter assisted in receiving the guests who were entertained by Mickey Finn.

One of the most beautiful dinners of the season was given by Mr. James V. Parker, at his residence, 253 Madison Avenue, on Sunday evening, in honor of Mrs. Mills, Mrs. Bentinck and Mrs. Henry T. Sloane.

The Monday Evening Dancing Class held its last meeting for this winter at Sherry's last Monday. Mrs. Lorillard, Mrs. Nicholas Fish and Mrs. Benjamin Welles received the guests. The cotillon was led by Mr. Worthington Whitehouse, who apparently found it a task almost beyond his powers until Mr. James Otis gallantly came to his rescue, after the first figure, and the dance ended with much more snap and vim. A noticeable feature of the evening was that so many of the women wore light blue gowns, which, while very becoming, made the general effect very dull and colorless. Mrs. Duncan Elliot was, as always, a great belle. Mrs. Le Grand Cannon looked unusually well, but only remained for a short time. A witty young personage remarked, the Monday evening dances are "heavenly, for there certainly the saints of all ages in harmony meet." This apropos of the number of elderly but vivacious men and women and also the immaturity of many of the dress coat wearers.

Monday evening was also socially interesting as Mr. "Bobbie" Cutting's début on the theatrical stage. The play and his acting have all been so thoroughly criticised,

there is naught left to say but that his many friends turned out en masse to do him honor. Mrs. Albert Stevens was among the number who took a theatre party to see *My Official Wife*. Mrs. Stevens, who has not been seen in society of late, owing to her mourning, is now beginning to entertain. She has lost none of the beauty for which, as May Brady, she was so renowned.

Wednesday, the last of the dinner dances of the "one hundred and fifty" was given. As before, Mrs. W. C. Whitney, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Livingston and Mrs. Bronson were among those who gave dinners. The dance was given at Mrs. Cooper's, and not at Mrs. Whitney's, as first intended.

Mrs. Mills's mourning has not been of long duration, for, although she recalled the invitations for her dinner dance she has been present at several entertainments this past week. Fortunately, we are rapidly adopting the English fashion of not mourning beyond a stated and a short time. The social season is so short that it is impossible to grieve for everyone, particularly as so many relatives elect to die during the winter. We will soon be obliged to have a book of rules for mourning published, which will put an end to every uncertainty as to the length of time required to conventionally grieve for relatives-in-law.

Mrs. James Abercrombie Burden gave a small cotillon last night, for her niece, Miss Ethel Irvin, and the week previous a dinner of thirty, at which the only married people were the hostess and her sister, Mrs. Griswold Gray. Mrs. Burden's new house is most complete and beautiful, and very much like a London house.

Mrs. Richard Irvin and Mrs. Henry de Coppet are sending out invitations to subscribe to a course of French readings, to be given by Professor Edouard Combes of Paris, on Wednesdays in February, to be held alternately at their residences. Professor Combes gave one reading at Mrs. de Coppet's a few weeks ago, when his art gained the admiration of all who were fortunate enough to be invited to hear him. His French is of the purest, and his diction delightful.

The southern and European exodus begins this week, and from now on there will be a constant tide of travel away from the city. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt set sail to-morrow, on their yacht. They are to stop for a short time at Nassau, where are already the Misses Cameron, and where Sir Ambrose and Lady Shea, who are at Government House, will have an opportunity to entertain many New Yorkers before the season is over.

The annual St. Valentine's kettledrum, in aid of the Samaritan Home for the Aged, a time-honored institution, will be held on Saturday afternoon and evening, February 11th, at Sherry's, when the usual liberal patronage of society is expected. The kettledrum, like the Charity Ball, never fails to enlist the interest of the gay world.

## VOGUE SUPPLEMENT

Mrs. H. McK. Twombly gave another of a series of dinners on Thursday night, on which night Mrs. Wysong and Mrs. George De Forest gave handsome dinners, the latter in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Cram, who are soon to sail for Europe.

The Governors of the Vaudeville Club are extremely anxious to keep up the high class concerts on Sunday nights, but it is feared that this will be impossible unless better attention is paid to the music. It is a great pity that such people as those present last Sunday night cannot discriminate between the exceptional ability of young Marteau, the latest acquisition to the musical firmament, and the little English woman who sings "Papa wouldn't buy me a bow-wow." Unfortunately for young Marteau, even his talents could not command silence. Can it be that opera manners must always prevail where there is really good music?

### COMING EVENTS

Saturday, January 28th.—Mrs. John D. Wing, Miss Wing, 16 West Forty-ninth Street. Reception.  
 Mrs. de Koven, 82 Irving Place. Last reception.  
 Mr. and Mrs. William A. Duer, 17 West Twenty-first Street. Dinner.  
 Mr. and Mrs. I. Townsend-Burden, 5 Madison Square, N. Dinner.  
 Mrs. H. T. Sloane, 46 West Fifty-fourth Street. Dinner.

Monday, January 30th.—Mrs. Winslow-Sherman, 14 East Fifty-third Street. Reception.  
 Mrs. Jeremiah Potter Robinson, the Misses Robinson, 30 Fifth Avenue. Mondays.  
 Mrs. Edward Foote, Miss Foote, 40 East Twenty-fifth Street. Reception.  
 Mrs. John C. Westervelt, Miss Westervelt, 7 West Fiftieth Street. Mondays in January and February.  
 Mrs. Horace Barnard, Miss Barnard, 26 East Thirtieth Street. Mondays until Lent.  
 Mrs. Philip L. Livingston, 708 Madison Avenue. Reception.  
 Mrs. J. Morgan Wing, 48 West Fiftieth Street. First of three receptions.  
 Mrs. Charles F. Chandler, Mrs. Ernest Pellew, 51 East Fifty-fourth Street. Reception.

Tuesday, January 31st.—Mrs. Samuel Thorne, Miss Thorne, 8 East Fiftieth Street. Last reception.  
 Mrs. George T. Ade, 13 West Forty-eighth Street. Tuesdays.  
 Mrs. Richard H. L. Townsend, 237 Madison Avenue. Reception.  
 Mrs. Moller, Miss Moller, 32 West Thirty-seventh Street. Reception.  
 Mrs. W. L. Bull, 413 Fifth Avenue. Tuesdays in January and February.  
 Mrs. Frederick Goodridge, Miss Goodridge, 250 Fifth Avenue. Reception.  
 Mrs. John A. Hadden, Mrs. Torrance, 379 Fifth Avenue. Reception.  
 Mrs. Erving, The Misses Erving, 6 West Twenty-second Street. Reception.  
 Mrs. Paul Tuckerman, 44 West Twenty-fifth Street. Reception.  
 Mrs. Bacon, Miss Bacon, 22 West Tenth Street. Tuesdays until Lent.  
 Mrs. William C. Egleston, 19 West Fifty-sixth Street. Tuesdays.  
 Mrs. Willard P. Ward, Miss Ward, Miss Niles, 154 West Fifty-eighth Street. Tuesdays in January and February.

Mrs. Herbert Parsons, 26 East Forty-fifth Street. Tuesdays until Lent.

Mrs. Charles Edward Whitehead, 39 West Thirty-eighth Street. Reception.

Mrs. Joseph Marié, the Misses Marié, 111 West Forty-third Street. Tuesdays until Lent.

Mrs. George Bramwell, 6 East Forty-eighth Street. Tuesdays until Lent.

Mrs. Frederic H. Betts, 78 Irving Place. Dinner-dance.

Mrs. J. Frederic Kernochan.

Mrs. Wm. B. Dinsmore.

Mrs. Benjamin Brewster.

Mrs. John E. Cowdin.

Mrs. Philip J. Sands.

Wednesday, February 1st.—Mrs. Edward Bell, 321 Lexington Avenue. First of two receptions.

Mrs. William Perry, Miss Perry, 23 East Thirty-eighth Street. Wednesdays.

Thursday, February 2d.—Mrs. Richard P. Lounsbury, 12 East Thirty-fifth Street. Thursdays in February.

Mrs. James Abercrombie Burden, 908 Fifth Avenue. Thursdays.

First meeting Thursday Evening Riding Club.

Friday, February 3d.—Mrs. Charles Albert Stevens, 13 East Ninth Street. Reception.

Mrs. Alfred de Castro, 19 West Fiftieth Street. Fridays.

Mrs. Cooper, 12 Washington Square, North.

Miss de Forest, Miss Callender, 7 East Seventy-second Street. Musicals.

### SAILINGS AND ARRIVALS

The steamer, *Fuerst Bismarck*, which is to sail next Saturday, has already a long list of people who are to take this much-talked-of Mediterranean trip. Among those who have entered their names on the steamship's list are, Mr. Gould Redmond, Miss Emily Redmond, Mr. and Mrs. E. Benedict, General and Mrs. Butterfield, Mrs. George W. Merritt, Mrs. Richard Wainwright, Miss Wainwright, and Colonel Floyd-Jones.

Sailed from New York, S. S. *La Champagne*, January 21, 1893.—Mr. Archibald C. Coolidge, Miss H. D. Johnson, Miss Georgia Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sanford, Miss Olga Sanford.

Arrived in New York, S. S. *Aurania*, January 22, 1893.—Mr. H. Carns-Wilson, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. W. Campbell Clark, Mr. John G. Garland, Mrs. J. N. Griswold, Mr. H. Morgan and Mr. and Mrs. C. Wood.

Sailed from New York, S. S. *Majestic*, January 25th.—Mr. Anson Phelps Stokes, Mr. and Mrs. Austin Corbin, Miss Corbin, Mr. and Mrs. Prescott Lawrence, Mr. and Mrs. Osmond Hicks, Mr. and Mrs. Roland Redmond, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Kelly, Jr., Mr. George Cavendish Bentinck, Hon. Charles H. Tupper, Mr. Rutherford Stuyvesant, Capt. E. W. Jaffray, Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Morgan. Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, Mr. G. Creighton Webb.

### LONDON

[From Our Own Correspondent]

**A** Colder Christmastide we have not had for many a year, nor yet a brighter one; for while we count 20 degrees of frost, and the ground is as hard as nails, covered with a crisp, white hoar-vine, we have also brilliant sunshine, blue skies, and no fogs; the absence of which latter factor none but a Londoner can fully appreciate.

Country house parties are more in vogue than ever this year; the usual difficulties of getting about, owing to prema-

ture darkness and asphyxia born of the "fog fiend," being happily reduced to such minor discomforts as a lack of foot warmers in the trains, or a ten-mile drive across country in a stiff east wind. It is an established proverb that the English one and all, "take their pleasures sadly," and true enough it is in theory, though not always in practice, for where I spent my Christmas holidays,—one of a large house party, forty in number,—fun and frolic, laughter, practical jokes, games, dancing, theatricals, and charades were the order of the hour from early morning to late night. Here is a brief outline of Christmas as "she was kept" in this old Kent manor house, now the home of a Liberal Member of Parliament who was lucky enough, some years ago, to marry an American wife.

We numbered thirty to forty souls, most of whom were young in years and spirits, and all of whom arrived on Christmas Eve, every train, London or local, bringing its contingent of guests. A jolly dinner at eight o'clock ushered in the festivities, after which came round games, and an impromptu dance, broken in upon by the parish "waites" or carollers, whose voices singing the old, old English Noel hymns rang out clear and sweet in the frosty moonlight. After this "the stockings were hung in the chimney with care,"—but such a chimney!—wide enough and deep enough to swallow us all; and then upstairs we trooped amid much laughter and bantering persiflage. Christmas morning broke to the sound of distant church bells. The air bitingly cold, but full of sunshine, the sky a faint clear blue. We gathered at breakfast a happy party, and "Merry Christmas" and good wishes resounded on every side. The meal itself was quite a secondary consideration; every one helped every one else, amid a perfect fusillade of fun and frolic. Then followed a rush for the stockings, and an hour of even greater jollity. No one was forgotten, pet fads and favorite grievances were made the peg upon which to hang a bit of gentle satire. Thus the young men of our party who had lately joined the Yeomanry, found a box of tin soldiers among their gifts, and a young Scotch laird who had set up sheep farming in the Western Highlands, had an entire flock of toy woolly baa-lambs.

After the stockings came service at the quaint old Norman church. We sat down to dinner at two, a very goodly company, and healths were drank, old friends and absent ones remembered and new ones welcomed. Mottoes were pulled, their contents decking out the lucky winner, and when with them came the dessert, the host brought round to each in turn a small quarto volume in which we all, who were Christmas guests, inscribed our names. It is an old family custom which dates back seven generations; and interesting indeed are the records of names contained in those square blue books. After this a tray of glasses was placed before the master who filled them with wine, and this was sent out to the servants' hall accompanied by good wishes for the day and coming year. A walk for the young people, books and gossip for the elders, filled up the afternoon. In the evening came games again, and ghost stories told as the lamps grew dim and the fires died away on the hearth. So the week went on, varied each day by some new device, and finishing up on New Year's eve with theatricals in which only the house party took part, and to which all the neighboring county were invited. I have not mentioned the parish functions, the Christmas trees for the schools, the treats for the choir and choir-master, nor the rounds of beef and the plum puddings given out by our hostess herself to all the men laborers upon the estate. Our own Christmas pudding was a thing to dream of or on. It weighed from twelve to fifteen pounds, came in blazing in brandy, decorated with holly and contained as "lucky" bits, a sixpence for wealth, a ring for marriage, a thimble for industry, a button for a bachelor, and a bean for a fool.

In a previous letter I spoke of the property but lately purchased by Mr. Burns, the late Mr. J. S. Morgan's son-in-law. It is quite one of the most historic spots in Hert-

fordshire, and North Mimms Place itself has a pedigree of not less than five centuries. The present manor house is an almost unique specimen of Elizabethan domestic architecture. It is built of red brick, which has the peculiar soft mellowness of time upon it. In form it is a quadrangle, built around a paved court yard, the stables and coach houses forming a fourth side, though not connected with the house. Near by is a deep pond shaded by trees, where the former much older mansion stood. Queen Elizabeth, when she was Princess Royal, halted at North Mimms one Wednesday evening, February 14, 1553, on her way from Ashbridge to London, and honored the then owner by sleeping beneath its roof. The present manor is much older than Hatfield, Lord Salisbury's adjoining estate, and bears a record second to none in longevity.

Its owner, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, was Sir Jeremy Sambrooke, who is interred in South Mimms Church, and to whose descendants it passed in entail to the present time. Mr. Burns bought it from the last owner, and intends keeping it intact as a manor house of the olden time.

The Frowykes, to whom North Mimms belonged from the fourteenth to the seventeenth century, were a family of decided distinction in Hertfordshire, marrying rich wives and looking out nobly for their own interests. As a reward, they died wealthy and respected, and many are the curious "doles," "benefactions" and "gifts" recorded to their memories in the old parish registers. One of the most curious is that of a certain Lady Mary Turner, who, in a fifth codicil to her will, directs that, "in consideration of the love, good will and affection which I have and do bear towards the Parish of South Mimms, I do give and bequeath my hearse cloth, made of black velvet and imbrothered in the mide with black, by Guift, to South Mimms Parish Church, and edged round with white sarsnett, to be kept by the Overseers from my burial;—and that whosoever of the Parish that would use it at their burial as a hearse cloth, they must give five shillings to the poore, or any other Parish to pay the same for the use of it if they have it."

The preserves and shooting at North Mimms are of the very best, and Mr. Burns, who is noted for kindly hospitality, intends to be liberal to his friends in this respect.

The one and only art event of the month was the Burne-Jones show at the New Gallery. It was a loan exhibition, and the first of this veteran pre-Raphaelite artist's works, who since Rossetti's death, stands foremost in the ranks of the Brotherhood, the only one remaining who shows the courage of his opinions in his work. It is a most interesting and unique exhibit, comprising most of his best and earlier works, such as the famous Venus Mirror, sold but lately for over \$15,000; the Golden Stairs, the Wheel of Fortune, the Garden of Pan and the Beguiling of Merlin, late purchases both, of the American Duchess of Marlborough, at the Leyland sale, and lent by her to the New Gallery. Here also, is the original cartoon of the Education of Solomon, designed for the beautiful window in Trinity Church, Boston, whose late pastor, Bishop Phillips Brooks was an enfant gâté in English ecclesiastical and social circles.

By the way, the smart world have not yet forgotten the unpremeditated joke got off by Lady Blandford at her late husband's funeral,—the Duke of Marlborough. Her names, as we all know, make the pretty alliteration of "B. B. B.;"—but was it worth carrying the motif so far as to send her wreath of magnificent white lilies to lie upon his coffin, with a card attached, black-edged and bearing a message of affectionate regret from three bees? These were not letters, bien entendu, but the tiny honey gatherers of domestic virtue! A well known society man remarked to me in speaking of it,—"Oh, it is but an index of her character—one must take it at that;—and pity poor Marlborough while he was Blandford!" Diane.

## DESCRIPTION OF FASHION PLATES

**L**eft hand girl (page 111), coat light brown, with dark brown fur sleeves; dress, light brown trimmed with dark brown fur and two rows of jet with band of dark brown around same. Hat, light brown felt—ribbons and feathers dark brown.

Right hand girl:—Poke bonnet (ultra-fashionable—not much worn), black felt with pink bow in front of same ribbons and feathers black. Dress black cloth with small pink stripe—sleeves of silk, very light color and a pink line running through same.

Gown on figure (page 99) is grey silk with upper sleeves of velvet of the same shade. The belt is of velvet with an imitation rose in velvet. The bow on the hair is satin folded over wire bent in exact imitation of the enameled bow pins.

These shirts (page 107) are of Chinese silk either knitted or ribbed. The first one is jet black with a V shaped yoke of silk lace edged with a narrow border through which a black ribbon is run. The short sleeves are finished in the same way. The second is of old rose silk very decolleté without sleeves except a narrow edge of lace. The yoke is defined by a little lace edge and is made of alternate rows of white guipure insertion and old rose silk embroidered with white. The third of cream white silk, is like a cobweb in texture and has a pointed yoke of Irish guipure set in. A rather wide ribbon is run in and out the upper edge, and ties in a bow in front. The fourth one of these dainty garments is of écrù silk with two pointed pieces of écrù lace let in the front. These are bordered by an edging of écrù lace, and the neck is finished with ribbon of the same color passed through a lace insertion. The last one is of pale blue silk with three rows of white guipure insertion at the neck in which are run rows of black ribbon—black ribbon also appears in the insertion upon the sleeves.

The idealized laundress is in a charming French peasant costume. Over a skirt of black and pale blue striped material is worn a gown of rose-colored chintz spotted with starry figures of a deeper color. The skirt is looped up at intervals, and from the short puffed sleeves are deep ruffles of white batiste. The corsage is of black velvet, open in front to show the batiste chemisette and there is a wide black velvet band around the throat. The cap, somewhat resembling a Normandy cap worn by the peasants of that country is of batiste with a black velvet bow on top. The stockings and slippers are black, and there is a dainty apron of fine white batiste trimmed around with a ruffle of the same, and finished with two little pockets. There are black velvet bows with silver buckles upon the shoes.

The young widow in the plate (page 103) has so far lightened her mourning as to wear her crêpe veil lifted from the face, and fastened at the back of the capote. She wears deep cuffs of white tarlatan or crêpe hemmed at the edges and worn over stiff black lining which keeps them in shape. Her gown is of fine black Thibet made walking length and trimmed with a scant puffing of black English crêpe on the extreme edge. The belt, yoke and full puffs are also of crêpe while the corsage and lower part of the sleeves are of the Thibet, which is an extremely fine cashmere. The capote of crêpe is trimmed with the same material and shows a bow ending in two upright ends. The collar is of white tarlatan to match the cuffs. Collars and cuffs of white crêpe or tarlatan are worn only by widows, and must be put on from the beginning or not at all.

The corset worn by the central figure in the middle pages is of soft white silk, closely embroidered with a floral pattern worked in floss of a cream white shade, thus giving richness to the effect. It is rather short in the waist, and not very long over the hips, while the bones, although plentiful, are soft and yielding. A band of white plush is placed on the inner side of the front bones, and there is a row of real Valenciennes put on full and drawn in by a ribbon around the

top, which is cut slightly pointed. The corset of the nineteenth century is not the instrument of torture that it used to be in former periods, and few people could object to the flexible, easy and comfortable article, yielding readily to every movement of the body, which goes by that name at the present time.

It will be observed that there is great diversity in the shapes of these corsets, to suit the different styles which are in vogue this season. Nothing is absolutely definite except that a gradual shortening of the waist is very perceptible. Many fashionable women however, cling to the shape shown in the corset at the extreme left of the page. It is made of robin's egg blue silk, brocaded with a Louis Seize pattern of garlands of roses and floating ribbons in pink. The trimming at the top and bottom is of pale blue chiffon laid in folds, and edged on each side with narrow frills of white lace. The riding corset, on the extreme right is of tan suede, and while sustaining the figure is still soft and very flexible.

## PUBLISHER'S NOTICES

VOGUE is issued weekly on Saturdays.

Head Office, 61 Union Place, Southwest Corner of 18th Street and Fourth Avenue, New York. Cable address: "Vogue, New York."

London. Arthur Ackerman, 191 Regent Street.

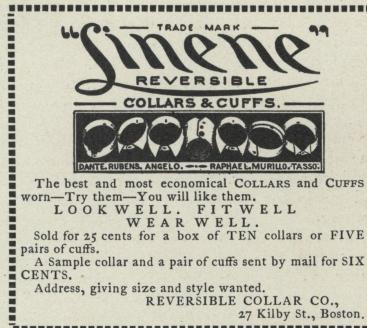
Paris. Em. Terquem, 19 Rue Scribe.

Subscription for the United States, Canada and Mexico, Four dollars a year in advance, postage free. For foreign countries in the postal union, five dollars a year, postage free. Remit by check, draft or postal or express money order. Other remittances at sender's risk. Single copies ten cents.

Advertising orders should reach the office not later than 10 A. M. Friday preceding the week of publication. When special position is required the order should be a week earlier.

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